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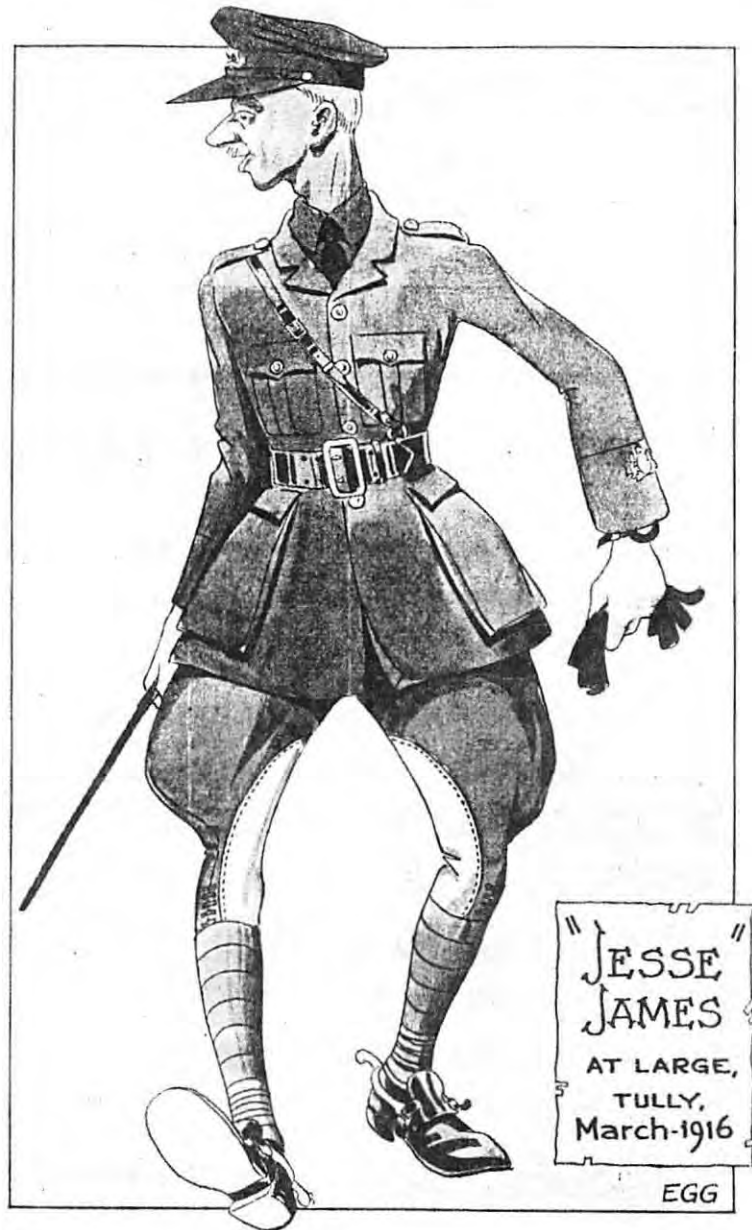
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Editor's Notes.

When we called the roll this month we found that one of our most important contributors, Mr. F. W. Powell, was absent. The matter has been duly reported to the Sergeant-Major, who has the case in hand, and it is expected the delinquent will be adequately soaked, as he deserves to be.

The numerous letters we have on file attest to the great popularity of "Soldiering," and as we believe our readers will be anxious to know why his installment does not appear in this issue, we have published the letter received from him, which is self-explanatory (and that's saying something!)

Mr. E. Geo. Green, our talented artist, is to be congratulated on the splendid cartoons he sends us. His drawing this month is really a work of art and although it cost us a little more to reproduce than his line drawings, (the order is to economize) we feel that it is entitled to be reproduced by the best process known.

We are indebted to our old friend, Jimmie Dee, for sending us his story "For Guard" which appears in this issue. We trust that he will send us more like it in the near future.

The passing away of Maréchal Ferdinand Foch will be keenly felt by all our readers and we take this opportunity to unite with our French comrades in saluting our supreme commander.

Our sincere sympathy goes to The Royal 22nd Regiment of which Maréchal Foch was Hon. Colonel.

Through the courtesy of the Editor of the Cavalry Journal, (U.S.A.) we are reproducing in this number some very interesting photographs and drawings of the Horse Show, Amsterdam, 1928.

Tpr. Richard Woolcock, ex-1st Troop shonk, ex-coffee-bar and latterly one of 2nd Troop's doughty warriors has left for England to take up chicken "ranching." He was given a boisterous farewell in the canteen and the best wishes of all ranks go with him.

Personal & Regimental

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. Ome-lusk, March 7th, a son, Joseph Charlie James. Congratulations, Junior, in due course, is expected to make the major league.

S.S.M.I. Charles Smith expects to depart for Ontario shortly on leave pending discharge. All ranks are sincerely sorry to see Charlie go. More of this anon.

Alec Gardner and Cpl. Micky McKown intimate that they will attend the Old Comrades Re-Union in Toronto on March 30th.

The St. Johns Branch of the Canadian Legion will hold their Vimy banquet on April 9th in the Legion Hall.

Our congratulations to Tpr. and Mrs. S. Carter on the joyful occasion of the birth of a son, Sidney.

We are sorry to learn that "Shorty" English has been admitted to the Montreal General Hospital. He is having trouble

with his back. We hope to see him well enough again to appear on the football field.

S.M. W.O.I., J. G. Attfield, R.C.E. leaves St. Johns at the end of the month to take up his new duties as foreman of works at London, Ont. During the short time Mr. Attfield has been with us a great many improvements have taken place and all who have come in contact with him have a high regard for him. S/Sgt. H. Stanton R.C.E., who will take his place here is well known to those who have served in Toronto and we are pleased to welcome him to St. Johns.

Lieut. W. G. G. Chadwick, R.C.D., will leave St. Johns on the 1st of May for Toronto and will be replaced by Lieut. W. Gillespie. R.C.D., Mr. Chadwick has only been here a couple of years but during that time he has endeared himself to all ranks. He is interested in sports, of all kinds, (particularly hockey) and he will be sadly missed.

Col. Basil C. White, O.B.E. Passes Away.

Colonel Basil C. White, O.B.E., Ordnance Officer for M.D. No. 4 died 5.20 Tuesday morning at the Ross Memorial Pavillion from pleural-pneumonia, from which he had been suffering for a week.

He was born at Quebec in June 1880 and was educated at Quebec High School and Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, commencing his military service with the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars in 1898. In addition to his Canadian service he was attached to the Desert Mounted Corps and to the British forces in Egypt. He was Superintendent of the Dominion Arsenal at Lindsay, Ont., from 1921 until the following year when he was appointed D.O.O. for M.D. No. 4, which post he held until his death.

Colonel White was well known

in St. Johns and his pleasing personality endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

A most impressive military procession accompanied his body from Wray's Undertaking Parlors on University St., to Place Viger Station where the remains were entrained for Quebec for interment.

Sgt. Britt, Cpl. Adams, L/Cpl. Jennings and Dresser and Tpr. J. Ross with Sergeant Costello in charge provided the horses for the gun carriage. The firing party was provided by the Ordnance Corps, with C.Q.M.S. Clark, The R.C.R. in charge.

Among those who were present at the funeral were:

Among those present were: Brig-

Gen. W. B. King, Col. J. T. Gagnon, director of pay services, Ottawa; Col. H. A. Riche, Major D. M. Murphy, Col. J. Chaballe, Maj. W. L. Ford, Lieut.-Col. G. Ross Robinson, Lieut.-Col. J. K. Keefer, Col. K. Cameron, Col. J. D. MacPherson, Col. N. A. Piche, Col. P. L. Browne, Col. K. M. Perry, Col. M. J. Ryan, Col. G. J. Boyce, Col. F. M. Gaudet, Col. C. W. Vipond, Col. McKenna, Col. E. R. McNuag, Col. E. W. Pope, C.M.G.; Major N. Caron, H. B. Holloway, Lieut.-Col. T. Pugh, R. T. R. Holcomb, F. Desmond, Capt. John Renahan, J. E. Ardron, Major W. Dean O'Connor, Capt. Vachell Harvey, E. C. Smith, D. A. O'Meara, D. W. Ogilvie, C. E. Gudewill, Kenneth Gilmour, A. C. Stead, Lieut. G. Ledue, Lieut. J. C. K. McNaught, Col. A. S. Tracey, Owen Dawson, Col. H. Harrison, Major J. L. Smeaton, Major C. Gordon Mackinnon, K.C.; Major J. M. Humphrey, Capt. F. A. Hamlet, G. Turner, W. B. Scott, Capt. A. J. Routier, Capt. C. B. Trenholme, George C. Smith, Major Haig Sims, Capt. H. B. Montizambert, W. Herbert Evans, Lieut.-Col. D. S. Inglis, Lieut.-Col. Stairs, Fraser H. Jeffrey, N. M. Mowatt, Lindsay Hall, Capt. W. S. Newroth, H. H. Learmont, R. Tyner, W. Lach, Major R. E. Johnson, Capt. C. E. Dodwell, Capt. J. P. Harvey, Capt. H. W. D. Pope, J. C. Morgan, Capt. G. W. Cameron, G. H. Eggecombe, Lieut.-Col. A. H. Cowie, Frank Thompson, A. H. D. Hair, representing Last Post Fund; F. Desmond, Capt. T. H. P. Molson, Lt. A. D. Anderson, H. A. Heasley, Major B. G. Languedoc, G. S. Browne, Maj. T. C. Keefer Capt. W. H. Hay, W. L. Davis, J. Renahan and many others.

The honorary pallbearers were: Col. K. Cameron, C.M.G.; Col. J. P. Clarke, C.B.E.; Col. J. L. Regan, C.M.G.; Col. D. R. McNuag, D.S.O., V.D.; Col. H. Carson, V.D.; Lieut.-Col. J. M. Prower, D.S.O.; Lieut.-Col. K. M. Perry, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Col. C. B. Price, D.S.O., D.C.M.

The Officer Commanding Cavalry Barracks received the fol-



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lowing letter from the deceased's son:

"Dear Major Timmls:

On behalf of my mother and myself I would like to thank you for your great kindness on the occasion of my father's funeral.

The smart turn-out of horses and men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, together with the skill and intelligence with which the men handled the most hazardous and consequently difficult problem of greasy streets, are consummate testimony to that fine name and tradition which have been and is upheld by the Dragoons.

Consequently, we would very much like to thank the men

through you, sir, and again add a word of appreciation for your kindness and co-operation.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

HAMBLEY WHITE."

All ranks extend their sincere sympathy to Col. White's family in their sad bereavement.

Bytown Bits.

Pats Dinner:—The annual dinner of the Old Comrades' at Ottawa of the P.P.C.L.L., was held on the evening of March 2nd at the 38th Highlanders' quarters in the Drill Hall. A large number of ex-members of the famous unit were present and an enjoyable time was spent.

Sergeants' Ball:—Invitations have been issued by the Ottawa and Hull Garrison Sergeants' Association for their annual ball which will be held on the evening of April 5th at the Windsor Hotel in Hull.

Go to the Burg:—The band of the Governor General's Foot Guards under Director of Music, Lieut. J. T. Brown, are going to Ogdensburg to take part in the celebrations of the 17th of March.

Held Reception:—Lieut. Col. C. Beresford Topp, D.S.O., and the Officers of the Governor General's Foot Guards held an at home in their mess on the eve of the 1st inst., the chief guest being M. Jean Knight, French Minister to Canada. Among those present in

addition to representatives from Headquarters and the garrison was Major-General W. B. Hodgins, former Adjutant-General and one time Officer Commanding the Guards.

M.D. No. 3 Training:—Advices from Kingston state that the annual summer camp for units of the district will be held the first two weeks in July at Barriefield. Over 3000 troops are expected to train.

Annual Dinner:—The annual dinner of the Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, will be held in the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 26th instant.

S.A. Veterans:—The Ottawa South African Veterans commemorated the battle of Paardeburg in the usual manner. On the 24th February a church parade was held to All Saints where Major the Rev. C. G. Hepburn, M.C., delivered the sermon. On the morning of the 27th the association paraded to the city hall square and wreaths were laid on the monument. Both the monument and the Hart River gun were suitably draped with Union Jacks. In the evening the veterans sat down to a dinner at the Windsor Hotel and song and story were the order of the day. The arrangements were looked after by a committee headed by Captain G. H. A. Collins, president of the association.

Tractor Demonstration:—An interesting demonstration of various kinds of heavy tractors and trucks was carried out recently at Rockcliffe Ranges under direction of the Director of Transport and Supply. Some five or six makes of heavy draught vehicles were put through severe tests and the results noted for future action by the Department.

Was in Town:—Major Hubert Stethem from R.M.C., was in town the end of February. Owing to the fact that I did not know of his visit until after his departure, I missed seeing him.

They Are Good:—All ex-members of the Drags are keenly interested in George Green's cartoons. Every one brings forth some thought that has been at the back of the brain for a good time and each month is looked forward to with greater interest. I wish

I could describe the scene the morning that Newe asked Trumpeter Patterson to blow "Troop Right Wheel" and he shouted "Troops Left Wheel." Was the air blue?—well, you know Newe!

Held First Dinner:—The first meeting of the United Services Institute of Ottawa took the form of a dinner at the Chateau on the 12th inst., when a large number of Officers of the Garrison attended. The speaker of the evening was Maj.-Gen. A. G. McNaughton, Chief of Staff. The meeting was presided over by Colonel L. P. Sherwood, V.D., A.D.C., the President for the year.

Camp Borden Notes.

We hear that Pat O'Malley is an honorary member of the Men's Library in St. Johns. How much this time, Pat?

Harry Mink will not get a new car this year.

Micky has received the new spring catalogue from Eaton's. Wonder if "Jock" Henderson received his yet.

Jerry Maynan, Jock Cameron and Alex Gardner are missing from the canteen these nights. Evidently saving up to go to the Old Comrades' Re-union in Toronto.

Micky McKeown spent St. Patrick's Day in camp.

Stanyar made a 7000 foot jump with a "rip cord" last night in the coffee bar. That's got Bill Campbell's "stove-pipe" jump beat.

Cpl. Desnoyers will be pleased to know that the duck season is open in Ontario.

Pte. McGoveran spends a lot of time in the canteen. Nothing else. However he did ask the school the other night what we were going to have "snow of rain?"

Micky has generously contributed a book to the library entitled "The Still." We understand Jock Alderson and Ginger Jennings are the authors.

We were just wondering if Cpl. Desnoyers is still a member of the P.Q.R.A.

A.H.G.

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Chicago Notes.

A very welcome visitor to Chicago recently, was Major Henry Bate of Ottawa. "Hen" thoroughly enjoyed himself while here and incidentally made arrangements to take up his residence in Lake Forest, Ill. where he will be a partner of Lawrence Armour in purchasing, showing, racing and training horses.

The writer spent a most enjoyable evening recently with "Burglar" Bray playing Badminton at his South Side Club. Badminton is practically unknown in Chicago and only needs the necessary publicity and demonstration to place it in the forefront of winter pastimes. A few enthusiasts on the South Side have leased a suitable space in a Church building and are keen players.

The advent of better weather has brought many riders to the bridle paths and several new hunters and saddle horses have been added to the Indian Hill Riding Club stables where a most successful season is looked forward to.

Letters to the Editor.

The Cavalry Club,
1827 St. Catherine St. W.
Montreal.

March 16th, 1929.

Dear Editor:

So busy am I these days extracting money from a gullible public that I have no time left for my usual monthly palaver.

Trusting "The Goat" will lose no customers through this omission and feeling sure that your "Recollections" this month will more than compensate readers for this neglect of "the buck in the rear-most rank," I am

Sincerely,
F. W. POWELL.

This brazen and shameful admission of Freddie Powell's is something we had never expected from him. However, we admit he has us more or less at his mercy now and all we can do, under the circumstances, is to request our readers to remain calm till next month.

ED.

Capilano Timber Co.
North Vancouver, B.C.
March 2nd, 1929

Dear Sir:

The enclosed dollar is for renew-

al of my subscription to "The Goat." I enjoy the magazine very much and hope I have not missed a number.

What has happened to the rest of Major Buster Kingsford's story of his experiences in Mexico?

Yours,
F. McVICKAR.

Perhaps the Major will enlighten us.

Ed.

67 Maitland St.,
Toronto, Ont.
March 4th, 1929

Dear Sir:

It was with much regret I read in the last issue of "The Goat" of the death of the late Major J. C. Page. It was only lately I was enquiring from his namesake (Sgt. Tom Page, Stanley Barracks) where Major Page was. I met him in the Sergeants' Mess at Fort Osborne soon after he arrived from the east, 1896. Along with the late Major Jim Widgery I think he was one of the most outstanding N.C.O's of the R.C.D's in the good old days—never to be experienced again. One night he came into the Mess after some big occasion; things were pretty lively and there was a hell of a babble going on. He drew his sword, brought the "flat" down on a table (with force enough to shiver any but a good blade) and made it fairly ripple. At the same time he roared out "Silence!" He had something to say himself.

Yours,

T. D. MASEY.

The publication of the following letter from Major Nordheimer, M.C., will not be of much practical benefit to any reader who might care to take advantage of the offer owing to short notice we have received. Our readers will, however, appreciate Major Nordheimer's preference for an ex-Dragon. He knows that the training they receive in this regiment qualifies them for such a post.

"I am writing you as President of the Old Comrades Ass. to ask whether you know of a good man to take the position of Asst. Inst. and Stable Foreman at the club here.

I need a man who is capable of giving some riding instruction of the elementary kind to women and children and of good enough appearance to act as escort to mem-

bers. He will be stable boss and must be fairly young and smart. The salary is \$150.00 a month with no expenses other than his meals as we have a cottage where the men live and cook for themselves. In addition his tips should run at least another \$20.00 a month. He will have to look after at least four horses but the work is not hard and the evenings are free.

If you know of anyone whom you think might fill the bill please let me know as I have to get a man by April 1st and I want to give the regiment the preference."

The Goat Publishing Co.,

St. Johns, Que.

Gentlemen: (?)

Received your notice that my subscription expires with the March number. As far as I'm concerned "The Goat" itself can expire with the next. About the only thing of value in it is the paper it's printed on.

Yours very truly,

G. J. W. HOPHALLIS.

P.S.—In case I've not made myself clear, I want it to be stopped!

G.J.W.H.

Thanks, G.J.W.H. But haven't you got The Goat mixed with some of these cheap American Magazines like Liberty and the Saturday Evening Post?

Ed.

Jokesmith's Forge

Eye for Business

During army manoeuvres a movie operator got in the way and aroused the ire of a battalion commander. He shouted to his adjutant:

"Order that blasted fool to clear out and ask him why the blankety-blank he brought his camera here."

The officer trotted off to carry out the order. (On his return his colonel said:

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said that he apologized for bringing his camera and he wished he had brought a movie tone instead."

Inexperienced

Hey—"Aren't you wild about bathing beauties?"

Hay—"I don't know, I never bathed one."



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A SHORT DISSERTATION ON "FIZZERS" OR "THE FLOWING BOWL."

The soldier of the past was content to invest what little surplus money remained to him after paying his regimental charges, etc., in tobacco and ale (old canteen brew.) Not so the youthful warrior of today. Frequently fairly young when he joins the service, it is not a matter for surprise that he has no appetite for either the one or the other.

From time to time one hears of the prevalence of the "liquor habit" in the ranks and its dire results—crime and disease. Now it can not be denied that an abnormal love for "The Flowing Bowl" has been the ruin of many a promising soldier. It is equally true that no small proportion of our modern soldiers, although displaying no tendency to indulge in alcoholic liquors, is busy sowing the seeds of future disease connected for the most part with the digestive organs. (Beware, also, the poodle faker.)

Let either the army reformer or the agitator against armament of every description should for one moment suppose that the Government rations are responsible for the cultivation of indigestion among the young defenders of Canada, it may be well, here and now, to clear the character of the "regulation" ration before proceeding further. The ration is excellent, both in quantity and variety when handled by a good cook (we have one here; he took a post graduate course in Halifax a short while ago where he was taught how to convert an aged steer into something resembling chicken. The ration is issued free and in no sense is calculated to injure his "interior economy." On the contrary were he to satisfy his appetite with the ration provided for him he would in all likelihood develop into a useful fighting man.

Nowadays, however, he too often prefers to fill his "tummy" with a mixture of jam tarts, cakes and "fizzers." I once heard of a man in Stanley Barracks who ate a five pound plum cake for dinner.

A "Fizzer" as its name implies, is a bottle of fizzy-pop, but the name could be applied to nearly every temperance drink. The demand for this species of liquid has within recent years become so

The Further Adventures of Sam Salt.

(By L/Cpl. J. B. Harrison)

Although a sailor, both by profession and inclination, Sam Salt's love of the sea, was second only to his love of horses, and so, when he found himself wrecked on the coast of Arabia, (read "The Wreck of the Good Ship Patsy") he made haste to join the Arabian Cavalry. He received his first disappointment when he discovered upon going to stables that the Arabian Cavalry rode camels, but was not entirely disheartened. His progress was remarkable until he tried to pick out a camel's "hoof" which the camel objected to greatly the result being that he came to in a small hospital. The hospital was soon enlarged, as they hadn't a room big enough to hold him, so a new wing was built.

He sat up in a bed made of canvas and wood, which protested loudly every time he moved against the strain put on it, and looked around, spotting a small bell which lay at his elbow, and rang it vigorously. After ten minutes of this he sank back exhausted. Presently the door opened, and a man entered clad in spotless white. "Avast there" roared Sam, "bring me a shot o' grog, and step lively, blast yer 'ide." The man in spotless white, who was at least a Staff-Sergeant turned about and left the room, returning presently with two troopers who siezing Sam Salt by the scruff of the neck and seat of the pants and bore him swiftly out of the hospital, across the square, and flung him into a

great that it has made fortunes for many firms. Only the other day "Bob" Dollery dropped into the mess with "the finest ginger beer and ginger ale in the world." Someone suggested that mixed with London Dry or Johnny Walker it was wonderful.

Beware, young men! Can you imagine such doughty warriors as Tom Duff, Harry Bush, George Gill, Bill Hargreaves, Micky Gilmore, Pete Merrix, Charlie Smith, Hoppy or Freddy Cox trained on jam tarts, cakes or "fizzers?"

I ask you!

SAN JEEN.

tent which served the purpose of a jail. The Staff Sgt. (at least) turned to the recumbent form Sam Salt and said "I'll larn yer to back talk me, yer big hunk of insolence. Here's where I get me own back."

Sam Salt sat up and rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming, or was the figure in spotless white the half-breed Roy, whom he had thought drowned in his narrow escape off Stanley Point. (Read "And you may Lay to That.") Sure enough, it was Roy, and with a horrible smile on his face, Roy left Sam to his thoughts. Left to his thoughts as he was, and not stopping to think how kind Roy had been to leave him that much, Sam Salt sat down and cursed his ill-luck. Never since his narrow escape from death, had he been in such a mess.

Of a sudden he became aware that there was another guy in the "jail" who lay almost concealed under a pile of dirty rags which served as a bed. The other guy looked up, and said, "Blimey guvnor, yer aint 'alf let yourself in for a mess. Now, me, I've got a wife and six kids waiting for me ome. What is it worth to you, if I can get you away?" Sam Salt took out his pocket book and counted its contents. £7-15s. was the total. "I'll gie yer five pun" he said hopefully. "I said six kids," said the other guy in a hard voice. "Six pun," said Sam Salt, "and its the last tanner I have." The other guy scratched his head, and said "Blimey mate, yer dont seem to value yer life at much." Sam Salt hauded over his pocket book with a resigned air, after deftly removing a pound note from it and hiding it up his sleeve.

"Ere" he said mournfully, "take my all, and make it snappy." The other guy pocketed the pocket book, and said, "Remove yer boots, and wait for me." Sam Salt removed his sea-boots, which he had worn since the wreck of which he was the hero, and soon the "other guy" came back. "All clear Cap'n" he said, "I've fixed the sentry." Sam Salt shuddered at the thought and crept softly out of the tent.

His companion led him to where a camel lay quietly basking in the strong moonlight, helped him to mount, which was not hard as the camel was lying down, and gave the camel whose name was "Dam-

mit" a dig in the ribs, causing that worthy beast to jump up and gallop off, nearly leaving Sam Salt behind. After travelling for about two hours, Sam saw a group of men approaching at a fast pace, and immediately thought he was saved. However he soon found out that he was mistaken, as the riders proved to be a roving band of desert Indians, who having used up the supply of scalps in America had migrated to foreign lands. Sam Salt was quickly surrounded, and forced to dismount, was bound hand and foot, and one of the Indians who was apparently their leader advanced threateningly. However he only wanted 'Dammit,' but that faithful beast was not to be taken so easily as with teeth at the "engage" and legs at the "on guard" he awaited the advancing Indian, who soon saw his mistake. With a noise like a trooper makes when he gets 14 days, faithful "Dammit" charged at the Indians, missing them by only a few yards, and then, scenting the way he had come, he left Sam Salt to his fate. The Indian Chief, for he was none other, advanced on Sam Salt, and said, "I am Chief Groom-Ing-Kit-Bag, and you are my prisoner. Tonight we 'make whoopee'" Sam Salt cursed loud and long, ending up with, "Ding-bust yer, yer black devils, wait will my government hear o' this, and then you'll pay, "And you May Lay To That."

(To be continued)

In the Spotlight.

OBITUARY

At Toronto, Ont, on February 28th, 1928. 'Buller' and 'Debout' after a short illness caused by the inability of some to take a joke.

"Gone from this troubled shore
To jest and "kid" no more.
We bewail the sad dark morn
These brave two were from
us torn."
ed few.
Sadly missed by pretty darn-

Introducing the **Four Just Men.**

It seems that public opinion is strongly prejudiced against our experts of the pen. Cheer up boys,

even Byron was never really appreciated until he was dead.

...

It is suggested that sound proof latrines be built in the passage ways, so that men wishing to say good-night to each other after lights out, can do so without disturbing the slumbers of those good soldiers who retire early.

...

What has happened to the First Troop Glee Club Saturday Morning Concerts?

...

The Culinary Experts held another of their delightful competitions on Friday morning, by mixing hair with the porridge. The one finding the most hair was rewarded with an extra piece of "fish?" That is after we had taken it apart the bones proved that without doubt it had once been a fish.

...

Another innovation on the part of our C.E's. is the newest method of strengthening the coffee. You wash your cup in what was once clean water, which gives an added flavour that was missing before, even if it is peculiar.

...

With reference to a short story written in our last issue by one of our bright N.C.O's, it is remarkable how many prominent men of Toronto seemed to recognise their counterparts in the characters of the story. Truth is, needed, a lot stranger than fiction.

...

To our contemporary, rival, opponent or what have you, "The ace of Spades," we would with the best of intentions make the remark chiefly for those of our readers who spent any time reading his reports, that "More people are run down by scandal than by autos."

...

Having witnessed the arrival in state, of the Sergeants' Mess Caterer, while the Squadron turned out with swords, we have no longer any desire to see the Opening of Parliament in London, England.

...

We are very averse to using this column for mercenary purposes, but when the Squadron can only collect less than \$4.00 each pay

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day, if that much, for a really
worthy cause it is about time some-
thing was done.

...

We would like to warn the 'Ace
of Spades,' to 'gang warily' as
some smart lad might have the
Joker up his sleeve.

...

Spring Training is just about
to commence—Hold
Everything.

...

It would give us no little plea-
sure to present the 'Ace of Spades'
with a first class reference to en-
able him to get a position as Scan-
dal Reporter Extraordinary on
some large American Paper. We
feel sure that he has more than
the necessary qualifications.

...

A new idea for the Night Rid-
ers when returning late to roost,
is to remove boots at the Princes
Gates, and tiptoe in.

...

In future Roy, old fellow, you
should make sure that your auto-
mobile is complete, before you try
to start home. It must be very em-
barrassing when you have promis-
ed some "Trooper?" that you will
drive him home, to find that some
of the vital parts, (if your flivver
has any) are missing.

...

"Us Instructors" has come into
his own at last. He has a recruit,
or is it two, Bill, to take in small
arms training. Perhaps that is
what he went to Ottawa for. It
must be fine to realize your life's
ambition at such an early age. He
is now therefore Assistant Quar-
termaster, sometimes Acting Quar-
termaster, and Instructor in Small
Arms Training.

...

Does the Ace of Spades know
that big feet enable one to tread on
worms with consummate ease?

...

With reference to a remark pass-
ed in the Mess Room the other day
by Sonny Boy about dirty clothes,
we would merely say that work
makes clothes dirty. Ah-h-h-h-h!

...

We were somewhat shocked, not
to say amazed to see, one Sunday
afternoon on Yonge Street, two
troopers trying to give an imita-

tion of Paul Revere's Ride. They
apparently thought that horses had
the right of way and forgot that
Paul Revere was not a half-sec-
tion.

...

We hope that all the good hockey
players who were in 'A' Squadron
before the season started will re-
have joined now that the hockey
season is over.

...

Duffy startled the Military
World the other day by announc-
ing that he was "on the tack."
However as the remark was made
at 1.35 p.m. on a Wednesday, the
breweries are not going to close
down as was at first anticipated.

...

No—Joe, Sidewhiskers will
not be tolerated in the Army on
any part of the body. However we
quite appreciated your very brave,
thought futile effort to hide part
of your face.

...

These men who insist on moving
in "bounds" when leaving Bar-
racks to meet someone behind the
Sgts' Mess are really looking for
trouble, especially as they forget
to send out scouts to ascertain the
whereabouts of the enemy.—
(We doubt if many of our readers
can fathom this one.)

...

It really looks as if our very
junior N.C.O.'s are using Parade
State Blanks to write home.
Really Sam, to use ten in a seven
day week, is slightly overdoing it.
The supply of Linder's Linoleum
must be getting thin.

...

"Tony has discovered a new
kind of animal. It looks remark-
ably like a human being, has blonde
hair, and is called a "Bamboo."

...

Why do all the boys give Queen
Street a wide berth these nights??

...

Whato—the "Top-Sarge" has
come into his own at last. We
have heard of at least three N.C.-
O's who have suddenly decided to
leave in the near future.

"THE FOUR JUST MEN."

Not for Long.

It's the little things that bother us
you can sit on a mountain, but not on
a tack!



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Montreal.

You Know What I Mean.

Rumour hath it that our dear friend, Freddie Powell, will spend the summer in France and Belgium renewing old ties.

The stork has had a busy time of it this month and several cigars are believed to have been given away, none however by Jimmie

"The Goat" depends on this column for its circulation and don't let them tell you any different.

Everybody here expects to celebrate the Easter holidays with a right good will,

L/Cpl. Mundell who knows Mr. Powell to talk to, spent a pleasant hour with him at the Cavalry Club in Montreal recently.

"Major" Desfosses who was ambassador extraordinary for the Heinz Co., and then came back, has purchased a phonograph.

Tpr. Adams, who has been trying to make this column for

some time past can rest assured he will be mentioned in due course.

Newspapers and magazines are hereby warned that the General MacBrien who addressed a meeting in Montreal recently, was formerly an R.C.D.

Some of the articles that appear in this issue would do credit to a magazine of twice our circulation, we are told.

Bill Jewkes, of here, whose singing is usually awful, has taken to smoking Luckies.

We wish to warn our much admired contemporary, "Punch", (ahem) that everything appearing in this column is fully copyrighted although we are willing to let them use our stuff providing they give us full credit.

Ex-Tpr. Saunders who is in the stone-cutting business in Iberville, is commuting by taxi quite frequently between that town and the Cavalry Barracks.

It seems that the practice of buying goods from mail order houses

is on the increase. This is to be deplored. The advertisers who use our columns are entitled to some consideration and we trust that our readers will not allow a few paltry pennies to get the better of their judgement. Besides, when it comes to improvements in the town, mail order houses do not have to pay for it.

When you do your Easter shopping don't forget our advertisers.

S.M. Smith who hopes to be retired shortly, hopes that some of the stories that are told about him will also.

There's a certain party—we will not mention any names—but it's a good thing for him it's time to go to press.

Spring Training is what you might call in the office.

One Last Request

Doctor—"About nine patients out of ten don't live through this operation. Is there anything I can do for you before we begin?"

Dusky Pat—"Yessah. Kludy hand me mah hands."

HIS FIRST OFFENCE

The British Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, is fond of telling the story of a private who was up before his commanding officer charged with a serious offence, indeed one of the worst crimes in the army—having a dirty rifle.

The C.O. took him severely to task. "You should know better, my man," he said. "It grieves me to have an old soldier brought before me on such a charge. Look at the medals on your tunic. They show that you have done good service in the past. You should be an example to the younger men. Is this the first charge against you?"

"No, sir."

"Oh, so you've been up before have you? And what was it the last time?"

"Dirty bow and arrow, sir."

Satirical Lady

So you want a divorce, Rastus?"

"Yes, suh, jedge, yo' honch—Ah sho'ly does."

"What's the trouble?"

"Count ob ma wife makin' an ironical remark."

"An ironical remark?"

"Yes, suh—she says if you don't go to work, I'll hit you in the face wid dis flat-iron."

"We have a yellow wagon on every street--every morning."

MILK--that is Pure, Clean, Rich always.

CREAM--fresh from the finest farms in Ontario.

BUTTERMILK--a wonderful health drink.

BUTTER--churned fresh daily from Pure Sweet Cream.

"CERTIFIED MILK"--from our own herd of tuberculin-tested Holstein and Guernseys at City Dairy Farms, New Lowell.

ICE CREAM--Plain and fancy in bulk or bricks or individual servings.

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For Guard.

A TALE OF THE BLACK LANCERS.

By F. J. Dee, Ex-R.C.D.

(Copyright.)

(By permission of the Editor of the Somerset County Gazette.)

Private James Walker—to his familiars known as "Hookey"—had just been warned for barrack guard, which, owing to the frequency with which the Adjutant attended the mounting thereof, and the insistency with which the R.S.M. declared that "you can always tell a regiment's reputation by its guards, sir," was an ordeal, as far as the ceremony of parading was concerned not to be looked upon lightly by any member of the Black Lancers.

Hookey, upon this occasion, was most seriously perturbed. It was not that he had any difficulty in arriving at the required standard of absolute spotlessness of kit and equipment that the solemn rite demanded; the mysteries of crimping a plume, or tying an intricate sword-knot correctly, were a long acquired art with our friend.

The cause of his perturbation was the fact that he had an exceedingly important appointment to keep in town the following evening, and the knowledge that he should not, in the ordinary course, have been for duty on this particular day, had it not been for the fact that one man had that morning got a stiff dose of I.H.L. (imprisonment with hard labour,) and another had been sent away on a course, did not improve matters. Added to these complications was the fact that the Squadron-Sergeant-Major frowned upon anything in the shape of an exchange of duty, once a man had been "warned."

As was his wont in any dilemma, Hookey sought out his particular "half-section," Jones.

Private Jones—for this was in the days when the nomenclature of Trooper was specially reserved for the men of the Household Cavalry—was an exceedingly light-hearted individual, with a much-guessed-at past, who kept his comrades in a state of perpetual admiration at his gift of ready repartee, and his Squadron Leader in just as cons-

tant a state of wondering in which direction "that damn fool, Jones," would break out next.

Jones was always a popular turn in the canteen, or at any regimental gaff, and on the rare occasions upon which he could be induced to figure upon a programme, either impromptu for the amusement of his comrades or in the presence of a more formal audience in the gymnasium-cum-theatre, he was always sure of a rousing reception. As a result of this it was generally accepted that he had been upon the stage, and no denial was ever given by the man most concerned.

Hookey therefore wended his way to the canteen, and found his pal in his usual seat. Seeing that Jones' mug was empty our friend ordered two pints of beer and a packet of Woodbines, and seated himself by his counsellor.

"Jones, I'm for guard to-morrow. I've got to get out of it somehow, or I'm in for an 'ell of a row down town, and you know what old Crafty Skinner's like about getting another bloke to do a duty wot you've been warned for. My girl's mother is coming in to stay a day or so wiv 'er, and I got three seats at the cinema for us all to go. Nine-penny ones, too."

Hookey groaned, and continued: "Worse than that, Beulah—that's 'er name, and it's the only thing about her I don't like, sounds like a sick cow—has fixed up a swell feed for us, and got 'er missus' permission to invite 'er mother and me to supper after the show. If I don't turn up, Beulah 'll never forgive me, 'cos the old lidy is going to run 'er eye over me points, so to speak; and I'll lose her. Cawn't yer put us on to summat?"

"Couldn't I act as your deputy for the evening, Hookey, and explain to the ladies that you have been suddenly warned for a course in London, or somewhere?" was Jones' first suggestion.

"Look 'ere, Jones, m'lud, I gives you credit for a little common-sense. You can't fool Beulah with any yarn like that. She knows that I'm trying to get a 'dog robbers' (officer's servant) job as soon as I get a chance, and ain't likely to go on no bloomin' course. You'll 'ave to do better than that."

"Well," replied Jones, "you look like doing a guard all right to-morrow, soldier. By the way, what sergeant is on with you?"

"Sergeant Ryan, a big Irishman of C Squadron, is the bloke in charge, if 'e's sober enough after 'is St. Patrick's Day beano last night. They didn't 'arf 'ave a time wiv 'im in the mess, so Scrubby Edwards, the mess waiter, told me."

"Ah, well, Hookey," Jones responded meditatively, "I suppose I'll have to see what can be done. Now you leave me a bob for beer, and buy me a couple of packets of fags, and then run away and get your kit ready."

"Why should I get me kit ready, if you're going to get me out of it?" retorted Hookey.

"You do as you're told, my son, or you'll not see your fair lady or her mother to-morrow night. Get those fags and file off. One shilling, please. Thank you, soldier. Good-night."

Guard-mounting in the Black Lancers occurred at 3 p.m. each day, and was a marvel of perfection in the important details of wonderfully burnished steel, brilliantly polished boots, glittering spurs, immaculate tunics, and lance caps that were beyond reproach. Crimped pennons and plumes, creaseless overalls, newly ochred cap-lines, and spotless gauntlets, all served to complete the turn-out of a guard, of which any regiment in his Majesty's Service would feel proud.

Youthful orderly officers found this parade almost as great an ordeal as the members of the guard themselves, for the R.S.M. was always more than usually "regimental," and one never knew when the Adjutant was going to put in an appearance.

All the glamour and smartness, however, did not make Sergeant Ryan happier when he paraded on the night of the particular guard with which we are concerned. The date was the 19th March, and Hookey's remark the previous evening anent the gallant non-com's St. Patrick's Day festivities had not, it would seem, been without justification. A lance-cap, too, is not the most comfortable headgear to wear under such circumstances, and inwardly Ryan was praying that no trivial loss of balance, or hesitation of command on his part, would mar the ceremony of marching off, and relieving the old guard. He was sadly aware of the fact that he was just in control of himself, and only

just. He had not dared to apply for an exchange of duty for particular guard, as the Adjutant and R.S.M. were fully aware of his weakness, and would have guessed the real reason. So, soldier-like, he had to "stick it."

Our hero, Walker, had fallen in on the left, and as the guard that day numbered off from the right, he was third relief, as only one post was furnished, and that on the main gate.

Consequently, after the ceremonies of inspection, marching off, returning the old guard's compliments, taking over the guard-room, etc., relieving the sentry, and finally being dismissed to the guard-room, had all been performed, Walker had a period of four hours before he would take over the main gate.

The sentry post was from the main gate under the arched gateway, up to the barrack square, the guard-room being on the sentry's right as he paced towards the square. On the opposite side of the archway was the Quartermaster's stores, but the doorway of this was further down the archway towards the main gate.

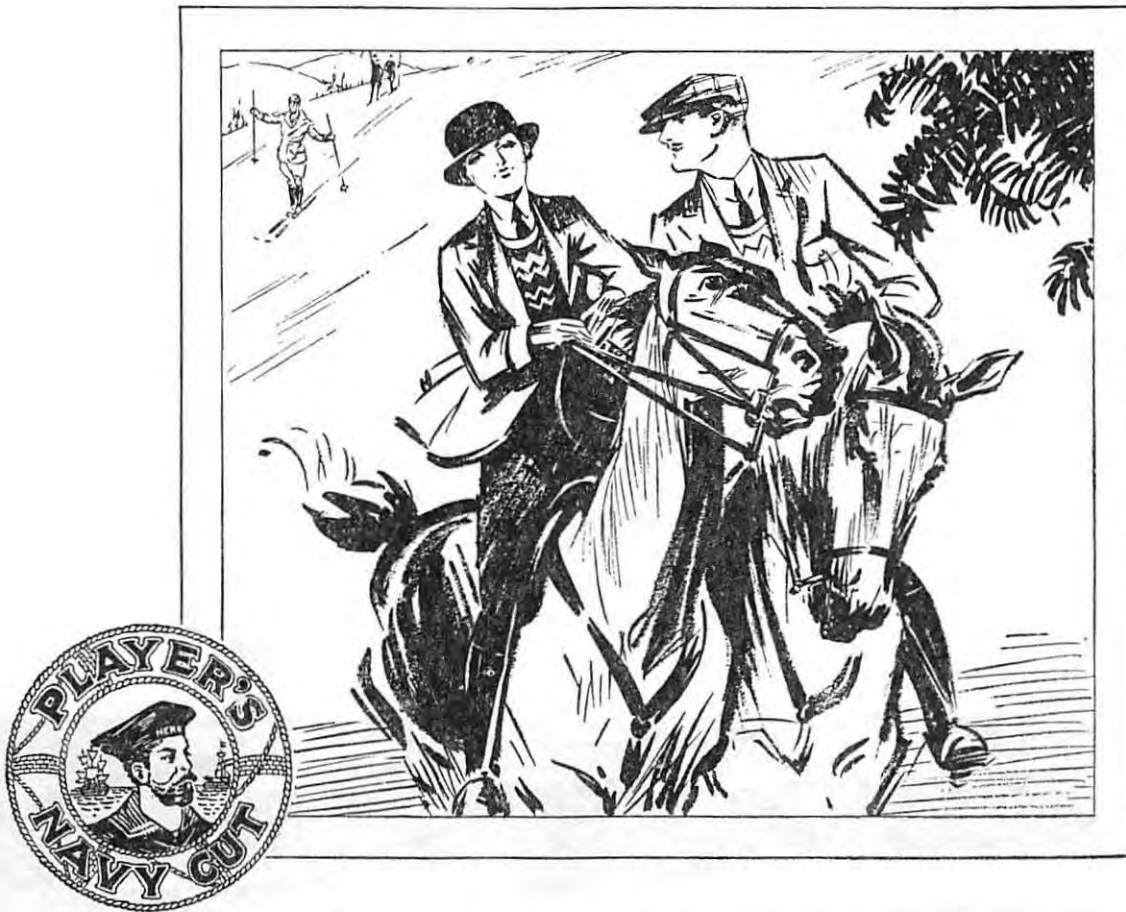
At 7 p.m. precisely Sergeant Ryan paraded the bold Hookey, cloaked, as the order was for the third relief at this time of year, inspected him, and marched him to the sentry box to relieve his comrade now on duty. Orders were read over, "Sentries pass," shouted in stentorian tones by the gallant sergeant, and Private Walker was left in sole charge of the main gate of the Cavalry Barracks at Shornshot.

Also, exactly twenty-five minutes later the same Private Walker met his fiancée and her mother at the portals of the local picture palace, and somewhat hurriedly ushered them to the ninepenny seats that he had reserved, fervently praying that the "Regimental" or none of his own squadron N.C.O's were at the cinema that evening.

At about 7.45 p.m. Sergeant Ryan paid his first visit to the third relief. That is to say he stood at the door of the guard-room, and shouting "Everything all right Walker?" was content to hear Walker's cockney accent ply, "All correct, s'arnt."

At 9 p.m. when the sentries were again changed little could be seen

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT



Player's always please.

"It's the Tobacco that Counts."

Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

I was attached to 'B' Squadron under Major Douglas Young and thus commenced a period which will always be looked upon as the happiest in my life. The Officers of 'B' Squadron at that time consisted of Major Young, Squadron Commander, Captain F. Gilman, 2nd in Command, Lt. R. S. Timmis, 1st Troop Leader, Lt. Fisher, 2nd Troop, myself as 3rd Troop Leader, Lt. T. R. G. Newcomen and Lt. A. E. Jarvis, with the 4th Troop. The Regiment was under the command of Lt. Col. C. M. Nelles, with Major J. H. Elmsley, 2nd in Command, Capt. Walker Bell, Adjutant, Major VanStraubenzie, 'A' Squadron, Major McMillan 'C' Squadron, Bowie and LeBlanc and 'Chip' Drury, were with 'A' Squadron and Kingsford, Caldwell, Broom, Irving and Stethem with 'C'.

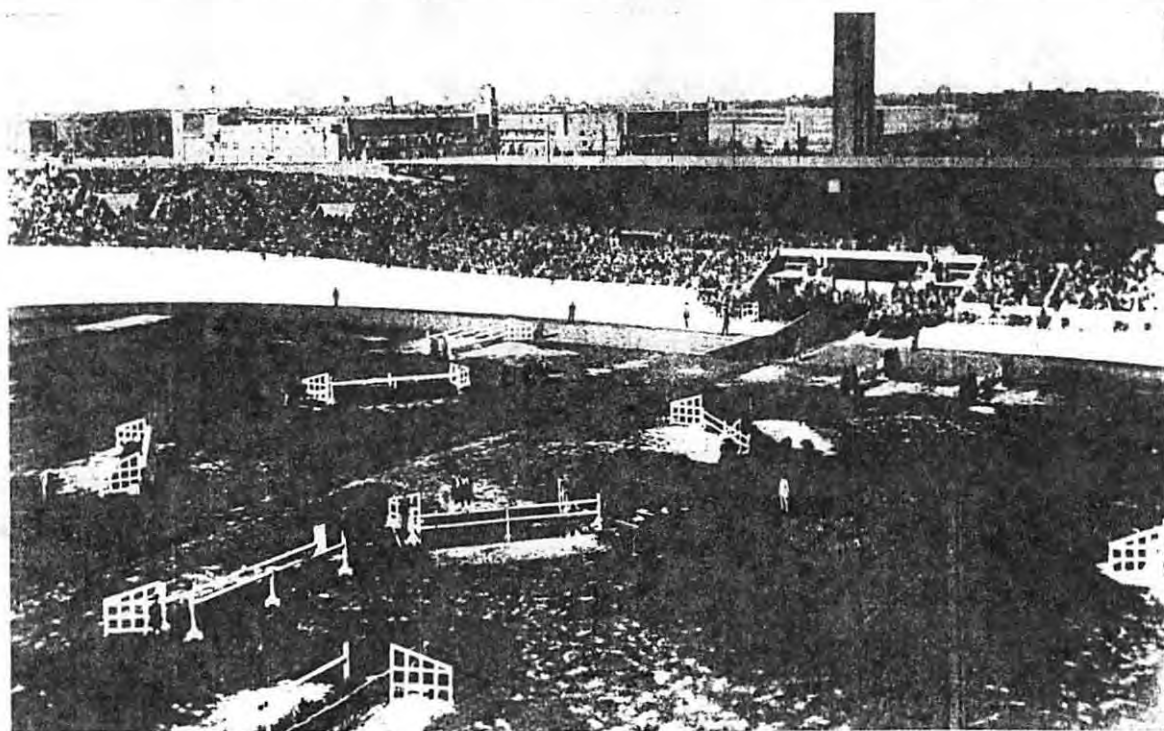
Pleasant days followed and how different the mounted training was from the hot, dusty tramps to and from the ranges on foot. There

were no untoward incidents unless I might recall the day that "Buster" Kingsford tried to take us over a deep ditch with a sidewalk on the other side, while in "Line of Troop Column. I soon learned the rudimentary principles of Cavalry Drill, which had grown rusty during my sojourn in the infantry, and with the able assistance of Sergeant J. Fletcher, my Troop Sergeant, managed to skim along fairly well. What a splendid bunch of men I had in my troop. Always willing to overlook my shortcomings as a troop leader, smart and clean in appearance and good horsemen. Within the ranks, I had "Curly" Davidson, my old friend from Toronto University, who lost his life a year later in the Royal Naval Brigade; Jenkinson, from the far west, whose father was Sir Thomas Jenkinson, Bart, and who now boasts, being the greatest breeder of Polo Ponies in Canada, Corporal Pritchard, who only recently retired from service with

the Regiment, Atkins now an Inspector in the Ontario Provincial Police; Oakes, who I last saw as a Dining Car Steward on the C.N.R.; Cpl. Tamlyn, now S.S.M. of 'A' Squadron; Johnny Lees, former Feather Weight Champion of the British Army; Savage, Foster, Wilkinson, Corey, Hanson, Kelly, Ackerstream, Stanely, Sampson, Solomon, Bailey and others whose names have slipped my memory.

Life at Valecartier Camp was quite pleasant and everyone anxiously awaiting embarkation orders. In the evenings, the hotel at Lake St. Joseph provided a certain amount of amusement and Quebec was not so inaccessible to those fortunate enough to get leave. The Camp itself was an amazing example of what could be accomplished in a short space of time, when labour and money were unlimited. From a desolate prairie, the camp blossomed into a modern training ground, with electric light, water, roads and the largest rifle range in the world, all in an incredibly short space of time. This was due in no small measure to the untiring energy of Sir Sam Hughes the Minister of Militia, a figure of contention in both peace and war. I had the pleasure of meeting Sir Sam on several occasions, and once, was able to "put something

over" on him. It was during Niagara Camp, when I was Orderly Officer to General Lessard, and the Minister was making his inspection of the troops. A "Sham Battle" was in progress and during the lull in hostilities, the head-quarter staff stopped at the roadside for lunch. Sir Sam, as was well known, was a stickler for temperance and had banned the use of beer or liquor in all Military Stations or camps. The Staff had been used to having "a little touch" with their lunch and being Orderly Officer, it was my duty to see that this necessary attribute to military genius was never missing. On this occasion, we stopped near a farm house which contained a well of cold, sparkling "Aqua Pura" and in full view of Sir Sam, I filled my thermos bottle with this delicious beverage. When luncheon was ready, and the tin cups were in place I filled the Minister's cup to the brim and then, behind his back, switched to the other thermos bottle containing scotch and soda. In the mugs this was never noticed and I think I am safe in saying, that this was probably the only occasion where Canada's great temperance advocate, sat down to a meal where he was the only person drinking anything but good old "Johnnie



A view of the Stadium at Amsterdam during the Prix des Nations, 1928. The rider is about to take Jump No. 16.

(Underwood & Underwood)

Dewar." I shall never forget the expression on the face of the General and Staff, but everything passed off without comment.

On the morning of September 25th, the Regiment paraded at 4.30 a.m. and commenced the trek to Quebec to embark on "The Great Adventure." Quebec was reached at 3.30 p.m. and after the usual delays, we embarked on the "Laurentic" with the 1st Battalion, and some details of the Army Medical Corps. Our horses went on another ship under Major McMillan and from all accounts, an amusing voyage was had by those unfortunate enough to accompany their "Long faced Friends."

I shared a cabin with "Livvy" Sherwood of 'C' Squadron and a white bull terrier sent from Toronto, which proved anything but enjoyable during the voyage. (the bull terrier, I mean, not Sherwood.)

Try Caloreform

Pretty Nurse—"Every time I take the patient's pulse, it gets faster. What shall I do?"

Doctor—"Blindfold him!"

"\$25,000 prize for the first person who communicates with Mars." Not to be outdone Harry Lander has offered \$50,000 to the first planet communicating with us.

What Condition Means

(From The Live Stock Journal, London.)

The question of horse condition applies equally to every horse used for riding or draught; it varies only in its details, and is not by any means beneath the attention of those who breed for sale. The training of horses for racing and steeplechasing is an art by itself and has little or nothing in common with the conditioning of Hunters, hacks, and harness horses. The aim of the trainer is to fit a horse for a particular contest by a certain day, but he who takes in hand the pleasure horse has the task set him of making that horse fit for work which, from its duration makes great demands upon the animal's powers. This, of course, is perfectly well understood by men who have served an apprenticeship with horses, but the man who keeps a horse or two very often loses sight of the cardinal points of condition, and is satisfied with far too little. It is by no means an uncommon idea that a horse requires no more than a sufficiency of corn and enough exercise to take off a superabundance of fat and to get his wind in order. This, so far as it goes, is right enough. Without

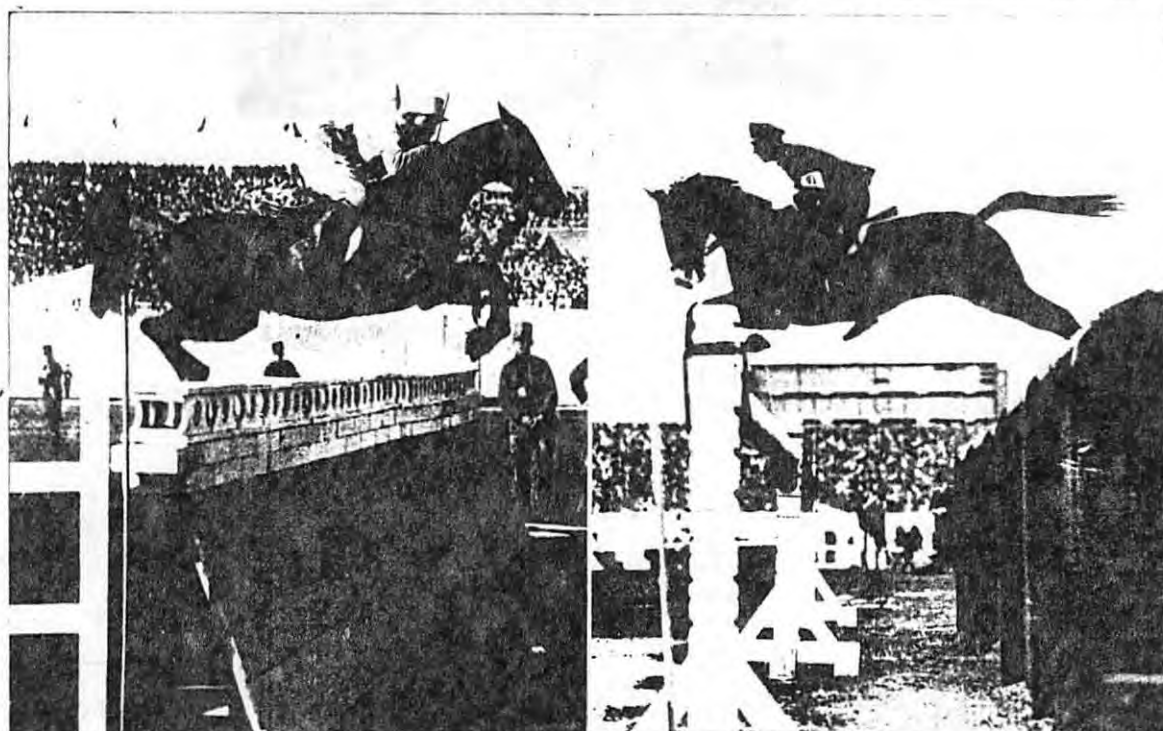
plenty of hard food a horse will never grow into condition, and unless his respiratory organs be in a good state he will be of no use but when a horse breaks down under the stress of work it is not in his wind, but in his thews and sinews. What, therefore, is required is that before a horse is fit for hard work, be it to carry a man hunting or to perform long or fast work in harness, his muscles must be in a condition to withstand the strain put upon them.

There is far more analogy between a man and a horse than is commonly supposed, yet, as a rule, man is by far the tougher animal of the two. He can stand hard and regular work better, and generally recovers more quickly than a horse from any unwonted exertion. But let any man of athletic tendencies bring his experience to bear in relation to his own powers, and see in what state he has been when he has achieved his best performances. Would anyone attempt to run two or three days a week with hounds who had previously undergone nothing more than short and light exercise? To the man who leads a rather sedentary life, though he may be so far in condition that he walks a mile or two daily to and from his place of business, a walking tour often suggests

itself as a delightful form of taking a holiday. He starts forthwith, and for the first few miles his step is delightfully elastic, and he strides along with the greatest glee. Presently, however, he begins to lag, and feels pain somewhere, simply because he is over-taxing his muscles. If a man has not been in the saddle for some time he invariably feels stiff after his first day's hunting.

The Hunter.

Applying this line of reasoning to the conditioning of horses, it is absurd to expect them to stand hard work unless they are fit when first put to it, for let it be remembered that horses will not condition themselves by work which overtaxes them. They will, if "overworked," get feverish, be off their feed, or in some other way become useless. People who have little or no experience of horses often ask how much they shall give their horses to eat, and how many hours a day they shall be exercised in order to make them ready for the hunting season. The truth is that there is no such thing as a hurried preparation for real hard work, and time is a *sine qua non*. No horse is fit for hunting or any other form of exertion until his



Left:—Capt. Bertran, France, at Jump No. 8.

Lieut. Von Nagel, Germany, at Jump 10.

(Underwood & Underwood)

muscles are in condition, and this cannot be brought about at once. It is folly, therefore, to put off getting a Hunter into condition until September arrives, as so many people do on the score of the false economy of saving in the corn bill.

The system of conditioning is of small importance as compared with the duration of the period of exercise. A horse that has been backed about or driven during the summer will require but little fast work to fit him for the hunting season, but the horse who has been summered in a loose-box needs several weeks of walking exercise before he should be allowed to canter a yard. Not but what he might be able to canter several miles after very little preliminary exercise, but if he were allowed to do so it would be at the risk of his limbs. There is a common saying that no horse is in condition until he has a couple of years' corn in him in one stable, and this, up to a certain point, is true, for if a horse has been out at grass or has been brought into dealers' or show condition he will have a good amount of unwholesome fat on him, which must be replaced by something better before good condition can be hoped for. The real meaning of the saying is not so much that the corn will work wonders as that the giving of two years' corn involves two preparations and two hunting seasons; in other words, two years of work and exercise.

The predominant idea in the mind of a man who undertakes to fit a horse for hard work should be to get his muscles in order, and the gradual amount of exercise required to bring about that will at the same time conduce to the reduction of fat and the improvement of his wind. To begin at the other end—to imagine that a fat horse can be hurried into condition by strong exercise is to court a breakdown, for, as already mentioned, the reason why so many horses fail on their legs is because their muscular strength is overtaxed.

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 30th at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.



Upper:—French Officer at Jump No. 15.
Lower:—The individual winner, Capt. Ventura, Czecho-Slovakia at Jump No. 16.

Sports.

GARRISON FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

(St. Johns)

At the annual meeting of the Garrison Football Club, held in the Gymnasium, March 8th, the officers of last year were re-elected, with the exception of Manager and Secretary-treasurer, both of whom expect to be transferred to Toronto. Cpl. M. J. Gilmore was elected Manager and Sgt. W. Jewkes the Secretary-treasurer for the coming season. A vote of thanks was tendered to their predecessors.

(Sergeants Campbell and Coulter) for their splendid services.

It was decided that the Garrison should enter a team in the St. Johns League again this year, even though our team has lost several good players.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., our genial president, thought that last year's games were inadequately reported upon and asked the Asst. Editor that he arrange to have all games in future mentioned. This our young Asst. Ed. promised claiming that his knowledge of the game has greatly improved since last year.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year:

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.—

President.

Sergt. W. Jewkes.—Sec.-Treas.

Cpl. M. J. Gilmore—Manager

Tpr. V. S. B. Dawkes—Capt.

Pte. H. Gough, The R.C.R.—Vice-captain.

S/Sgt. J. T. Reid, R.C.A.M.C.—Trainer.

At a meeting of the St. Johns & Dist. Football League held at the Windsor Hotel on March 5th 1929, Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D., was elected President of the league for the coming season. The Vice-President is Mr. W. G. Bell and the Sec.-Treas. Mr. C. Maxwell, 112 Cousins Street, St. Johns.

INDOOR BASEBALL.

3rd Troop 13—'C' Squn. G.G.B.G. 11.

The Third Troop defeated the Bodyguards by the above score in a game played in the University Armories. The game was a good one, and the Third Troop deserve credit for winning considering that they have not played softball since camp. The stars of the game were Tufford who pitched for the third troop and struck out two the last three batters; Nickle who although he was struck out twice, came through with a hit in the last inning, Martin J. E. who pinch hit for Oliver also came through with a hit, and Webb, although missing most of the balls pitched, stopped enough to save his team from defeat. The Bodyguards made the game a close one from start to finish, and furnished stern opposition. They put up a good fight but were not quite good enough to put over the winning runs in the last innings.

Third Troop 'C' Sqn. G.G.B.G.

Tufford	pitcher	Bonnell
Webb	catcher	Marshall J.
Nickle	1st base	Marshall B.
Sheppard	2nd base	Yorston
Stafford	3rd base	Mr. Cameron
Oliver	right field	Mr. Wilson
Brett	left field	Joiner
Lewis	centre field	Thorpe

The score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	
Third Troop	5	4	1	0	3	—13
G.G.B.G.	5	0	5	1	0	—11

He: May I have a kiss?

She: Did you ever see a burglar take a nickel when there was a thousand dollars right on the table?

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STANDARD OF STRENGTH AND QUALITY!

DRAGOONS BEAT REGIMENT AND RETAIN MILITARY CUP.

Royal Canadian Dragons retained possession of the Stanley Barracks hockey cup by defeating Royal Canadian Regiment in a sudden-death engagement at the Arena gardens, Mar. 15th., by 4 to 1. In other years these contests were gory battles around which legend of sticks purchased at ironworks and padding of gloves soaked in plaster of paris grew up. Surprisingly, in yesterday's tilt there was not a vagrant stick that landed on an unprotected head and only one minor penalty was handed out.

Nevertheless, the game was sternly fought and the contestants ploughed their way up and down the ice surface with an earnestness and a determination that would have done credit to an Allan cup final. The Dragoons had the speed of the affair and outshone their opponents individually. They earned the verdict by a clean-cut margin, but the Regiment gave them a sturdy argument and improved as the engagement progressed.

Art Galloway was the best man on the ice and the former Ulster soccer player was the major factor in the Dragoon's victory. He scored the first two goals of the game and only the clever blocking of Goaler McNamara held him at bay in the latter stages. Red Munro who relieved at centre and Capt Drury in the winners' net also turned in creditable performances. Bill Hare, who devotes most of his off duty time to his work as secretary of the T.A.H.A., had a large following and received an ovation every time he dashed down the ice, an ovation of the Bronx variety.

Galloway with two, Calvert and Hutchings were the goal-scorers for the Dragoons while Adams, on the end of a triple pass play, accounted for Regiment's lone tally. Teams:—

Royal Canadian Dragoons: Goal Drury; defence, Hare and Nickle; centre, Galloway; wings, Calvert and Hutchings; subs, Martin Ward, Knights and Munro.

Royal Canadian Regiment: Goal McNamara; defence, Fawcett and Frape; centre, Godon; wings Adams and Connors; subs, Green Barker, Finlayson and Donaldson.

Referee—Jimmy Loftus

(Extract from "Toronto Mail and Empire" Saturday, Mar. 16th.)

The Stanley Barracks Hockey Cup first came into existence in the year of 1913 and was won by "B" Squadron. It was not competed for again until 1926 when "B" Squadron carried off the honours and since that date it has been competed for annually. "B" Company, The R.C.R., winning it in 1927 and "B" Squadron last year.

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 30th at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

WONDER

BREAD

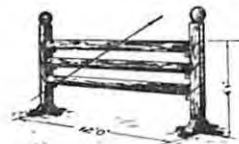
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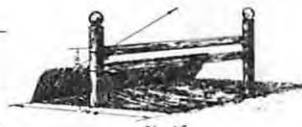
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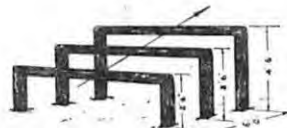
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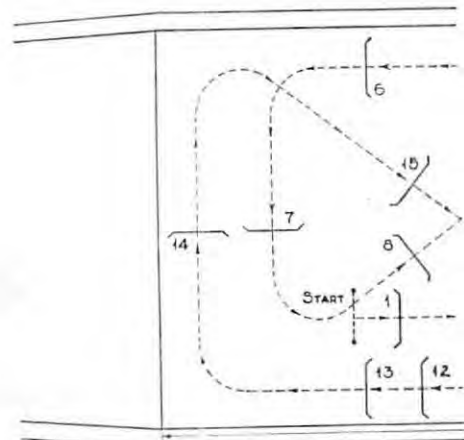
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DOUBLE OXER



No. 14
TRIPLE BAR



No. 9
WATER JUMP



No. 6
BRICK WALL



No. 10
BANK

For Guard.

(Continued from page 10)

of the faces of either N.C.O. or men, as the old blue cavalry cloak, with collar turned up (it was a very cold night,) surmounted by a lance-cap, rendered a clear view impossible, so the relief passed off without incident.

Sergeant Ryan was making out his guard report shortly after this, when he looked towards the fire-place, around which the men were sitting, with their backs turned towards him, chaffing the trumpeter. It suddenly struck him that there was something peculiar about Walker's appearance, but it was too indefinite to be tangible.

Thinking more of his aching head, and wondering if by any

chance any of his fellow sergeants returning from town, could be induced to bring him across from the mess a drop of the "crathur" that he so sorely needed to help him through the night, he went on writing, and when he next looked up he saw that the man he thought was Walker was really Jones, of B Squadron. Laying down his pen in astonishment, he was just about to speak, when he heard the man who was addressing Jones say quite casually; "Don't you believe it 'Ookey! Jones knows no more about what's going to win the Grand National than we do! 'E's always hinferring that 'e knows more about anything that's going than any other bloke. 'E'd argue with the Colonel 'isself if the old man 'd give 'im a chance. Always swinging the lead 'e is."

And to the sergeant's astonishment, back came, in the unmistakable cockney tones of Walker, "'Orl right, old soldier; don't say I neval put yer on when Sir 'Orace wins!"

Before the sergeant's astounded eyes there stood Jones, but to his befuddled brain, the speech was that of Walker, whom he had posted on, and just lately relieved off the main gate.

The discussion as to the merits of the various fancies for the great steeplechase waxed and waned, and every one in the guard-room evidently quite believed they were talking to Walker and not Jones.

The man himself was now standing in the full glare of the gas and firelight, nonchalantly smoking a cigarette, and the sergeant particularly noticed a peculiar habit of

Walker's, of blowing the ash off a cigarette without removing it from his lips.

The mystified sergeant rose and went to the door, and it was Jones (or Walker—"who in hell was it?") that moved a barrack form out of his way.

Unable to trust his own senses, Ryan did not know what to do. The trumpeter, turning out to sound "Last Post," broke his cogitation, for, of course, the guard had to be turned out and inspected at that hour.

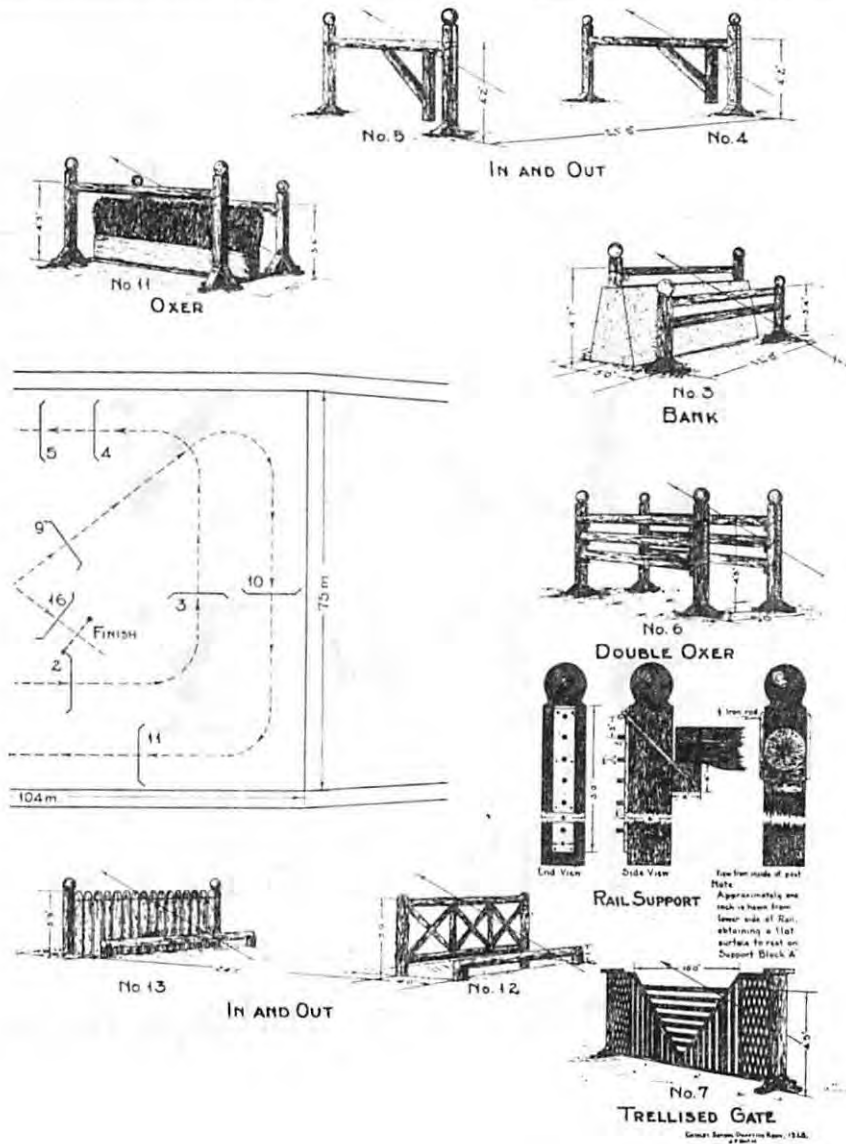
He had made up his mind to speak to Walker or Jones, or whoever it was, during this inspection, but as the guard was forming up he heard some one say, "Now then, 'okey, you blinkin' near 'ad my heelspur off that time, you clumsy blighter," and this chance remark upset him again. He inspected the parade and turned them in without any remark.

The guard was turned out, and inspected by the orderly officer at 11.45 p.m. and that young gentleman, being anxious to get back to the comfort of the officers' mess, naturally failed to notice anything unusual, nor indeed was there anything unusual for him to notice.

At 1 a.m. Sergeant Ryan most punctiliously posted Jones, or Walker, and it was noticed that contrary to his usual practice, he did not visit this relief during the whole two hours, but spent the time smoking in front of the guard-room fire, apparently wrapt in a deep reverie.

Three a.m. came, and time to relieve the sentry.

Too dark to see clearly at the gate, you may judge of the sergeant's surprise when, having returned to the guard-room, he saw that the sentry he had just brought



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in, who was now leisurely getting out of his cloak, was undoubtedly Walker.

"That cold east wind don't 'arf make two 'hours' sentry go seem a devil of a time s'arnt," volunteered Walker, and while his by this time completely bemused superior was trying to think of a remark nearly as cutting as the east wind referred to, the newly-relieved sentry had lit a cigarette, and had made himself as comfortable as the "guard order" of those days permitted, upon the hard plank bed.

The remainder of that guard was uneventful.

Had Sergeant Ryan visited the canteen that night he would have seen Jones, and all the members of his guard, except the trumpeter, seated at the same table, apparently enjoying themselves hugely. The trumpeter, singularly enough, was in process of enjoying such a repast as only cavalry trumpeters can enjoy, in the coffee bar, and, to everyone's astonishment, and doubtless to his own, paying cash for everything he consumed.

The quartette in the canteen were listening to Jones: "Well,

Hookey, your problem of how you were going to meet your girl and her mother in town when you were for guard, seemed pretty hopeless to me until you said that Paddy Ryan was to be in charge, as I knew the state his recent St. Patrick's Day celebrations would leave him in. The fact that old "Pony" Moore, the regimental storeman had a sleeping-out pass last night was a bit of sheer luck. It was not hard work to persuade him to let me have the key so that I could do some very special correspondence of mine, in the absolute privacy of his bunk in the stores, and that's another couple of bob you owe me. It was an ideal place for you and I to change in, the door being so close to the sentry post. I shall never forget poor old Ryan's face when he saw me in the guard room after having relieved you, as he thought, and you other fellows were simply splendid in the entirely ordinary manner in which you talked to Hookey while looking at me."

"Your imitation of 'Ookey's accent and walk and all, was the best thing I've ever seen off the stage

Jonesey," declared Tug Wilson.

"If Ryan's face when he saw you after the 9 o'clock relief was anything like it was when 'e 'ad a dekkio at my dial, as we came off the 3 o'clock turn—well, I'll bet 'e won't forget this guard in a 'urry," quoth Walker.

"The only thing I didn't enjoy was walking abaht till 1 o'clock so as you could let me in the wicket gate, but it was worf it, for Benlah's mother says she didn't know soldiers was so nice; and I reckon me and the girl's proper half sections for life now, if the old man will only put us on the strength. Besides which, the old girl slipped a quid in me 'and as I was coming away."

Sergeant Ryan never from that date touched liquor in any shape or form, and retired many years later as an R.S.M., a rank that it is extremely doubtful whether he would have achieved had it not been for the circumstances above related. His servant for along while previous to gaining a pension was Private Walker, and it was not until after he had left the Black Lanciers that Mrs. Walker

became aware of the risk her gallant husband took to save her disappointment, and to secure her mother's consent to her union with the gallant Hookey.

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Continuous Performance

"Sam, are you ever ficed with en thusiasm?"

"Yessah! from every job I tackles."

Trifling Encumbrance

Mrs. Mack—"I'm bothered with a little wart that I'd like to have removed."

Dr. Williams—"The divorce lawyer is at the second door to your left."

All's Well That Ends Well

Butler—"Your wife has run away with the chauffeur."

Husband—"Oh, well, I was going to fire him anyway."

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He was more than satisfied. We un-
derstand, when the little creature put
its tongue out at the cat.

Educative Wanderlust.

"They say if there's anything in a
man, travel will bring it out."
"You tell 'em! I found that out my
first day at sea."

Pull Over to the Curb.

I'm wise to the ways of the traffic,
But not to the ways of Sue.
When her eyes say 'Go' and her
lips say 'Stop'
What is a chap to do?

Men's Rights

"Should a husband keep anything
from his wife?" asks a writer.
Enough for lunch and car-fare, we
should say.

What the Man will Wear.

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37 or 38.

Hay-Maker.

Mrs. Johns: "I saw your husband
at the masquerade ball chasing after
a hula-bula dancer in a grass skirt."
Mrs. Brown: "Why, the old rake!"

Came the Dawn.

He: "I've never seen such dreamy
eyes."
She: "You've never stayed so late
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Altho there are many diseases pre-
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